

Conquistador



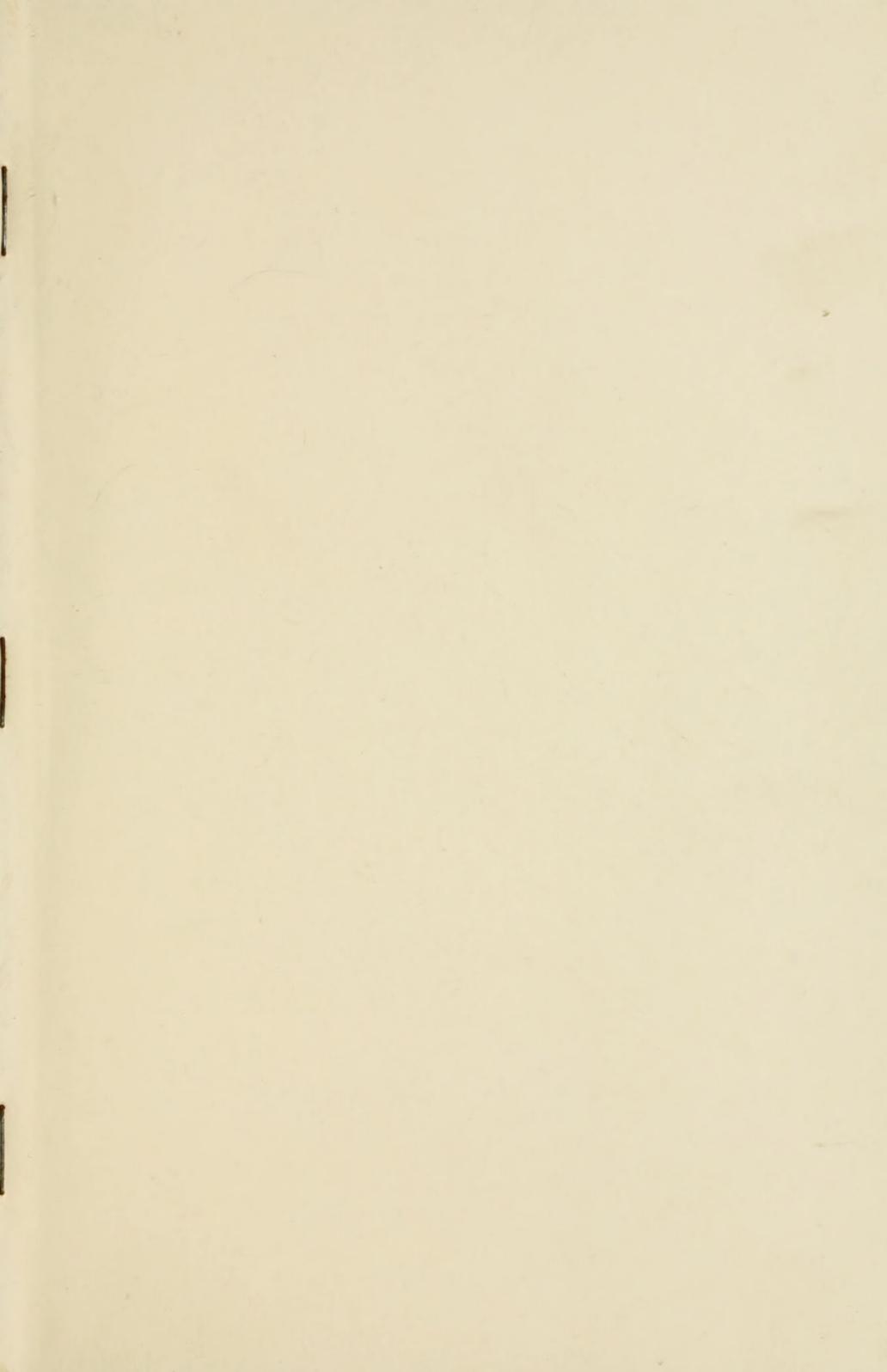
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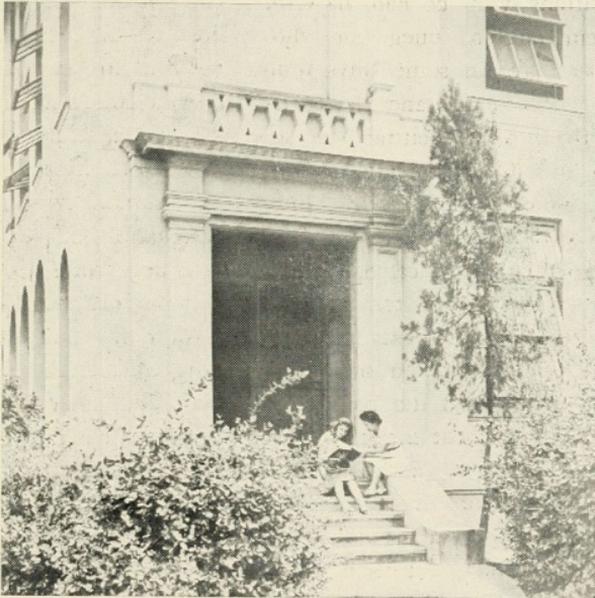


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THE
CONQUISTADOR

1943

Volume VIII



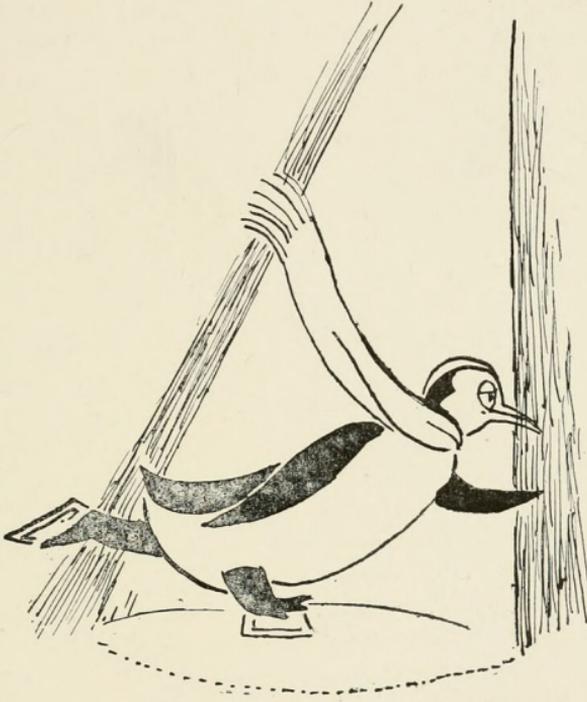
PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENT ASSOCIATION

of the

CANAL ZONE JUNIOR COLLEGE

FOREWORD

From the staff of the *Conquistador*, 1943 edition, to their fellow students, greetings! Since Pearl Harbor, a year and a half have passed. Our country grows more and more absorbed by war as the days go by. Like many other institutions, the Canal Zone Junior College has reeled under the impact of the conflict. Some of our students and prospective students have entered the armed services; others, taking advantage of the abundant employment opportunities of wartime, have accepted positions with the Panama Canal. The relatively few students who have remained in college, or who entered it for the first time last September, have in some ways found the year an abnormal one. Enrollment has fluctuated and classes have been small. Students have found it difficult to concentrate on studies. The departure of some of the members of our faculty, because of wartime conditions, has changed the Junior College scene. Just as the *Conquistador* goes to press, comes official confirmation of the resignation of Mr. Floyd Buckley, Instructor in Physical Sciences in the college since 1936. On April 1, he goes to Washington, D. C., to be a physicist in the Navy Department. While we greatly regret losing him, his place will be ably filled by Mr. K. W. Vinton, who is being transferred from the Cristobal High School to the college. By such replacements, and by the increased individual attention the instructors now find it possible to give their students, the academic losses suffered by the college are largely compensated for. Extra-curricular activities have also lagged, however, and here there have been fewer compensations. Consequently the *Conquistador*, which is largely a record of club and social affairs, has less to record this year than usual. Nevertheless, we, the staff, have tried to give you a record that you will cherish. Even in the somber shadow of war surely there can be no wrong in commemorating the sunny interludes of one's college life. To you then, friends, and especially to the Class of 1943, good reading, good luck, and goodbye!







FACULTY



Left to right: Front row, Mr. Lawrence Johnson, Mr. Roger C. Hackett, Mr. Ben M. Williams, Mr. Roger W. Collinge. Back row, Mr. James A. Lyons, Mr. J. Stuart McNair, Miss Mildred Swenson, Mr. Roy L. Dwelle, Mrs. Isabella Shirk, Miss Dorotha Rector, Dr. Dorothy Moody, Miss Marion Orr (secretary), Mr. Floyd Buckley, Mr. George O. Lee.

FACULTY

- BEN M. WILLIAMS, Superintendent of Canal Zone Schools.
 LAWRENCE JOHNSON, Assistant Superintendent of Schools.
 ROGER W. COLLINGE, Assistant to the Superintendent.
 C. A. BATALDEN, Director of Vocational Education.
 ROGER C. HACKETT, Chairman of the Canal Zone Junior College
 Faculty and Instructor in Social Sciences.
 HELEN C. BAKER, Instructor in Music.
 W. J. BRANSTETTER, Instructor in Shop Work.
 FLOYD BUCKLEY, Instructor in Physical Sciences.
 ROY L. DWELLE, Instructor in Swimming.
 OLGA J. FROST, Instructor in French.
 G. J. HONOCHEK, Instructor in Physical Education for Men.
 GEORGE O. LEE, Instructor in Biological Sciences.
 JAMES A. LYONS, Instructor in Commercial Education.
 J. STUART McNAIR, Instructor in Mathematics and Engineering.
 DOROTHY MOODY, Instructor in English and Dean of Women.
 HERVEY P. PRENTISS, Librarian and Instructor in History.
 DOROTHA RECTOR, Instructor in Physical Education for Women.
 ISABELLA SHIRK, Instructor in Physical Education for Women.
 MILDRED SWENSON, Instructor in Commercial Education.
 ALLEN B. WARD, Instructor in Commercial Spanish.

ADMINISTRATION

BEN M. WILLIAMS, Superintendent of Canal Zone Schools:

*He might have stepped out of some tale
Of courtly knights of yore;
The only thing is, long ago
Knights did not bellow: "Fore!!"*

LAWRENCE JOHNSON, Assistant Superintendent of Schools:

*Sweeping plain and curving hill
Are Paradise to him;
And there, we'll wager, he will live
When his life's lamp grows dim.*

ROGER W. COLLINGE, Assistant to the Superintendent:

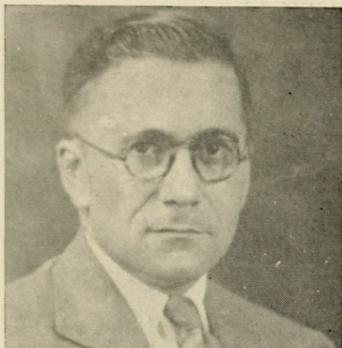
*Once he taught young English students
How to be poets, narrators;
But they wish they could, like teacher,
Be urbane and suave orators.*

C. A. BATALDEN, Director of Vocational Education:

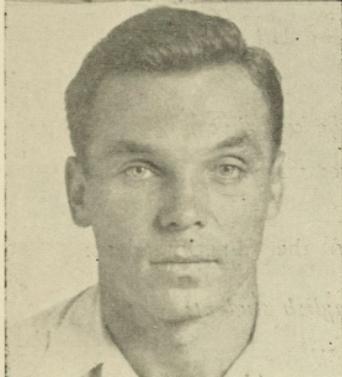
*El Valle residents declare
His is the best house there;
He built it with his own strong hands,
And made each shelf and chair.*

ROGER C. HACKETT, Chairman of the Canal Zone Junior College
Faculty:

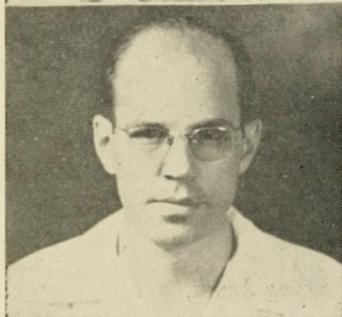
*He's versed in books, that's certain;
But he knows his tennis, too.
And he has a winsome daughter,
Whose name is Martha Lou.*



*History is this man's dish;
He knows each wondrous date,
Each great event, each famous name,
Connected with each state.*



*He builds up mighty muscles;
He does away with fat;
He makes our strong male students
Do tumbling on the mat.*



*He is known for his divine voice,
And his ever-present grin;
If you're good at math or drawing,
Chances are that you are "in."*



*Our Buck works for the navy
As a busy physicist,
And by all his faithful students
This professor's sadly missed....*

*Here's that ladies' man, Jim Lyons,
Of long eyelash, ready wit;
He once taught in Puerto Rico,
Where we'll bet he made a hit.*



*Small, but oh, she packs a wallop,
Shouting: "Goodness, throw that ball!
Block that pass! Now make that basket!"
Can we help it if we fall?*



*"More Commando tactics, students!"
Shouts our competent maitresse;
By the time she's through with us girls
We're a heck of a big mess!*



*Just a walking dictionary
Of things mostly literary;
If you're stuck with some grave doubt,
Ask her, and she'll thrash it out.*





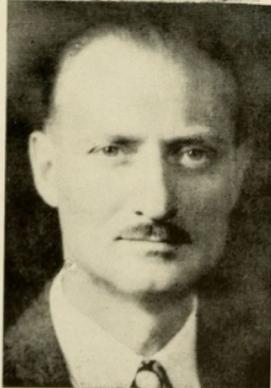
*We learn to make erasures,
To type, to tabulate,
While our patient teacher
Has not cussed up-to-date.*



*This little music-maker
Is our own Mrs. Baker.
She's conversant with Gounod,
Liszt, and Bach, and—you know!*



*More statistics and more Time tests!
And as far as he's concerned,
We're just guinea pigs for testing
All that others have once learned.*



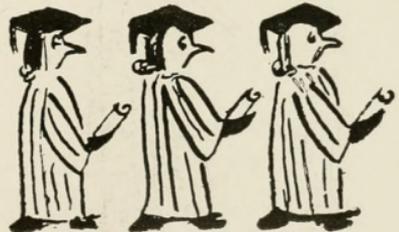
*Man alive, is that our George Lee,
Bumping in that ancient truck
With that hat of some montuno?
"Going my way? No? Tough luck!!"*



THE

graduating

CLASS





ROBERTO DARIO AROSEMENA "CHEMENA"
PANAMA

Natural Science Society (2) Sans Pareil
Engineers' Club (1, 2) Phi Beta Wolfa
Kappa Epsilon (1, 2 Secretary, 2)
Student Association (1, 2)

Ah, Don Juan Arosemena,
You are certainly not shy,
For we know you by your sly winks
At the ladies sailing by!



ANA LUCRECIA ARIAS "ANITA"
PANAMA

Kappa Epsilon (2) Student Association (2)

A gay señorita is our Anita,
The girl whose main theme is romance;
At our provocation, without reservation,
She'll sing, cry, laugh, holler, or dance.



ADRIAN M. BOUCHE, JR. "BUSH"
PENNSYLVANIA

Natural Science Society (1) "The Moon is Down"
Engineers' Club (1, 2) Propeller Club
Student Association (1, 2, President, 2)
Phi Beta Wolfa

This red-headed graduate
Is our S. A. president;
In his spare time, after toil,
He's an orchid-growing gent.

VERNON BERT DETTOR

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Student Association (1, 2)
President Sophomore Class

"The Moon is Down"

Dettor, future medico,
Sets the room on fire
With his constant arguments
And his flaming ire.

"GOOSE"Pre-Medical Club
Phi Beta Wolfa**OLGA MERCEDES MORA**

CANAL ZONE

Kappa Epsilon (1, 2, Vice-president, 2)
Student Association (1, 2)
Tropical Collegian (2)

Music Group (1, 2)

If you need a secretary
Who is really hard to beat,
We suggest Miss Olga Moya,
For she's pleasing, quick, and neat.

"OLGUITA"*Conquistador* (1, 2)
Sans Pareil
Orchestra (1)**RICHARD HORINE EGOLF**

PENNSYLVANIA

Tropical Collegian (2, Business Mgr.) I. R. C. (1, 2, Treasurer, 2)
Conquistador (2, Business Mgr.) Basketball (1, 2)
Kappa Epsilon (1) Football (1, 2)
Student Association (2) Phi Beta Wolfa

Egolf's ambition—
A sports reporter;
He'll probably end up
A Dodgers' supporter.

"EGG"



RUTH ANN KUPKA CAREY
OHIO

"KUP"

Kappa Epsilon (1)
Tropical Collegian (1, 2)
I. R. C. (1, 2, Secretary, 2)
Girls' Sports (1, 2)

Music Group (1)
Conquistador (1)
Sans Pareil (1)
Phi Beta Loba

Rather than live a Kitty Foyle life,
Kupka decided to be a wife.



EDGARDO CARLES G.
COCLE

"MELENA"

Kappa Epsilon (1, 2)
Engineers' Club (1, 2)
Sans Pareil

Phi Beta Wolfa
Student Association (1, 2)
Basket Ball (1, 2)

This lad goes in for every sport
And is a good athlete;
And when he plays, all one can see
Are flying arms and feet.



ESTHER LUCILLE MILLER
NEW JERSEY

"ESSIE"

Music Group (1)
Student Association (1, 2)
Assembly Committee (2)
Tropical Collegian (1, 2, Editor, 2)
I. R. C. (1, 2)
Girls' Sports (1, 2)
Conquistador (1, 2)

Natural Science Society (1, 2)
President (2)
Sans Pareil
Secretary Sophomore Class
Phi Beta Loba
Kappa Epsilon (1)
"The Moon is Down"

If Essie Miller lost her pep
'Twould really be a pity,
For who would do the dirty work
On every school committee?

ELEANOR JEAN SULLIVAN
NEW JERSEY

"ELLIE"

Kappa Epsilon (1, 2),
Treasurer, 2)
Sans Pareil
Student Association (1, 2,
Secretary, 2)
Music Group (1)
Conquistador (1, 2)
Assembly Committee (1)
Girls' Sports
Natural Science
Society (1, 2)

Hail Eleanor, English assistant!
A hard-working colleen is she;
She checks and rechecks with precision.
For not one small mistake can there be.



NICHOLAS JOHN LOMBROIA
NEW JERSEY

"NICK"

Student Association (1, 2)
Assembly Committee (2)
Phi Beta Wolfa
Conquistador (1)
I. R. C. (2)
Football (2)
Basket Ball (2)
Engineers' Club

Future engineer Lombroia
We present to you with pride:
Conscientious and hard-working,
Yet not pushing fun aside.



ROBERT BRUCE PULFER

OREGON

"BOB"

Student Association (1, 2)
Engineers' Club (1, 2)
Phi Beta Wolfa

Our scientist Robert Pulfer
Is cute but camera-shy;
And if you want to see him
To our chem. lab. you must hie.

Ten Year's From Now



Anita, Debutante



Egolf, Inc.



*Beau Geste
Arose men*



Eleanor the Adventuress



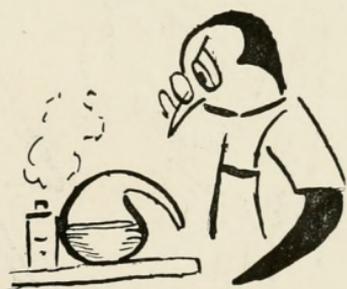
Botanist Bouché



Mother Corey's Penguins



Dettor, M.D.



Pulfer the Mad Chemist



Nick the Bartender



Esther Miller and Friend



Olga, la Bohème



Quarterback Corles



FRESHMEN

THE CLASS OF 1944



Left to right: Front row, Winifred Kiley, Hope Bauman, Helen Ramey, Roxy Stewart, Barbara Williams, Kathleen Boni, Peggy Maduro, Back row, Isidro Fong, James Bowen, Frank Hooper, Paul Runyan, John Canavaggio, Robert Beland, Abel Villegas, David Hollowell, William Hunter, Mr. Buckley (adviser), Harry Chan, Felix Typaldos, James Phillips, Julio Sosa, Fred Brugge.

THE CLASS OF 1944

At the first meeting of the class of 1944, William Fitzgerald was elected president, John Wohlfarth, vice-president, Kathleen Boni, secretary, and Georgia Butler, treasurer. Mr. Hackett, Chairman of the Faculty, appointed Mr. Buckley class adviser. Fitzgerald later was lured from the presidency by gold (job to you), and Georgia Butler relinquished the keeping of our accounts in favor of a trip to the altar. We were consoled in this latter loss by Harry Chan's acceptance of the office of treasurer for the rest of the year. As for the presidency, John Wohlfarth stepped up, and the vice-presidency was left vacant.

Business meetings of the class were few, but perhaps the lack of such meetings may be accounted for by the activity of the freshmen in other fields. The freshmen not only constituted a majority on the football field, but also did yeoman service in other ways as well. In the play given by the class in dramatics in the Extension Division of the college, freshmen students held the leading roles. Many freshmen write-ups appeared in the *Tropical Collegian*. Finally—most striking fact of all—the editorship of the *Conquistador*, which is supposedly primarily a sophomore publication, went to a freshman.

Let us hope this class may be even more active next year.

THE FRESHMAN'S PRAYER

(DEDICATED TO DR. PRENTISS OF C. C.)

BY AUGUSTA WONG

Dear God, if I should flunk this test
I'll die. But don't you think it best
For me to skip and have a coke
Than go in there with these smart folk?

I stayed up late again last night
With Johnny. Wow! Am I a sight!
I should have stayed at home with books,
And *that* might have improved my looks.

The point is, I don't know what's what,
And Prof. will have me on the mat,
Reminding me I'm just a dope
Who should have learned how to soft-soap.

Well, God, that bell has sweetly pealed,
So don't forget that I've appealed
To you for aid. Don't let me down
'Cause I don't like that teacher's frown!

FOOTNOTE TO "THE FRESHMAN'S PRAYER"

BY BURTON WRIGHT

I've read your poem, Augusta Wong,
And I'll admit it's far from wrong.

But Dr. Prentiss is not so bad,
That frown on his face is really sad.

Sad because of neither sex,
Ever reading their history text.

But you'll improve quite soon, I hope,
Or the "D" on your paper *will* stand for dope.



ACTIVITIES

STUDENT ASSOCIATION



Left to right: Front row, Philipa Rosales, Margaret Considine, Hope Bauman, Helen Ramey, Winifred Kiley, Mr. McNair (adviser), Barbara Williams, Roxy Stewart, Kathleen Boni, Esther Miller, Eleanor Sullivan. Back row, James Bowen, Frank Hooper, David Holowell, Richard Egolf, Julio Sosa, John Canavaggio, Nicholas Lombroia, William Hunter, Robert Beland, Harry Chan, James Phillips, Abel Villegas, Felix Tylalcos, Roberto Arosemena, Paul Runyan, Isidro Fong.

THE STUDENT ASSOCIATION

The Student Association is the most important organization in the Junior College. Its purpose is to sponsor and unify the social, athletic, journalistic, and dramatic activities of the college, so that all students may participate in and enjoy them.

Two years ago it was decided by the faculty that unless eighty per cent of the college students joined the Student Association it should not be organized, and this rule still holds. The officers for 1942-43 were Adrian Bouché, president, James Phillips, vice-president, Harry Chan, treasurer, and Eleanor Sullivan, secretary. Mr. McNair was the adviser. The president's first duty, of course, was to enlist members. After a period of suspense, during which the students were urged by means of both formal and informal argument to join the organization, the college came through with flying colors. Almost everyone was persuaded to join. This achievement was the more praiseworthy in that, because of the small enrollment of the college, the dues had to be raised from five dollars to six and one-half.

As in past years, the first social affair of the association was a dance, held after the faculty reception for the students. After the reception, which took place on the evening of October 2 in the library of the new Balboa High School building, the students went upstairs to the Music Room for the dance. On the evening of December 18, the association held another dance, this time at the Ancon Masonic Temple. This dance was the occasion of the last public engagement of the Fifth Infantry Orchestra.

The Student Association sponsored the production of *The Moon is Down*, by John Steinbeck, which was presented on March 10 and 12, by members of the class in dramatics in the Junior College Extension Division. This production is described elsewhere in this book.

As the yearbook goes to press, the association is planning a dance for May 7, to be held at the Tivoli Hotel. On May 14, the annual banquet will be held at the Union Club as usual, this will be followed by a dance.

A worth while project of the Student Association this year has been the sale of War Stamps. This work is described elsewhere in this volume under the heading "War Stamps Committee."

THE CONQUISTADOR



Left to right: Front row, Virginia Keenan, Esther Miller, Richard Egolf, Augusta Wong, Eleanor Sullivan, Kathleen Boni. Back row, Paul Runyan, Miss Moody (adviser), Helen Ramey, Olga Moya, Philipa Rosales, Barbara Williams, Abel Villegas, Margaret Considine



EDITOR
AND
ASSISTANT EDITOR

THE CONQUISTADOR

The Junior College yearbook, the *Conquistador*, has been published consecutively since 1936, the third year of the existence of the Junior College. This year the following staff produced the eighth edition of the book:

Editor-in-Chief	<i>Augusta Wong</i>
Assistant Editor	<i>Eleanor Sullivan</i>
Business Manager	<i>Richard Egolf</i>
Features Editor	<i>Virginia Keenan</i>
Make-up Editor	<i>Esther Miller</i>
Illustrator	<i>Paul Runyan</i>
Photographers	<i>Kathleen Boni, Harry Chan, Roxy Stewart</i>
Typists	<i>Margaret Considine, Philipa Rosales, Kathleen Boni, Olga Moya, Helen Ramey, Barbara Williams, Jacqueline Barrett.</i>
Contributors	<i>Hope Bauman, Kathleen Boni, Harry Chan, Margaret Considine, Winifred Kiley, Olga Moya, Philipa Rosales, Robert Beland, Adrian Bouché, Burton Wright, Frank Hooper.</i>
Adviser	<i>Miss Moody</i>

TROPICAL COLLEGIAN



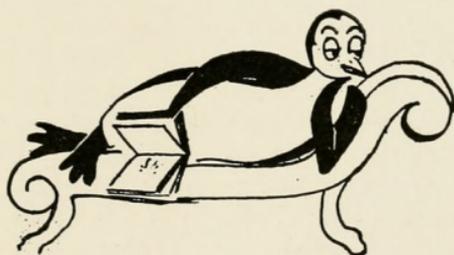
Left to right: Front row, Miss Moody (literary adviser) Esther Miller, Augusta Wong, Olga Moya. Back row, Mr. Lyons, (make-up adviser), Paul Runyan, Richard Egolf, Abel Villegas, Robert Beland.

THE TROPICAL COLLEGIAN

The *Tropical Collegian* is a mimeographed junior college magazine, which appears at irregular intervals. It was established in 1937, through the instigation of Mr. Hackett, and with the encouragement of Mr. Williams, Superintendent of Schools. During the first five years of its existence, Mr. Hackett was its literary sponsor, assisted on the mechanical side by Mr. Starbuck and other members of the commercial department. Last fall, however, Mr. Hackett asked Miss Moody to take over the literary supervision of the publication, while Mr. Lyons undertook responsibility for seeing that the magazine was made up and mimeographed. The Student Association elected Esther Miller editor and Richard Egolf business manager. Miss Miller appointed Olga Moya music editor, and Paul Runyan and Augusta Wong art editors. Ruth Kupka, Robert Beland, Abel Villegas, Lawrence Ridge, and others also worked on the staff from time to time. In addition, other students won the gratitude of the staff by contributing articles, stories, and poems. Like other college activities, the *Tropical Collegian* was handicapped by the shifting enrollment, and it was very difficult to get students to attend staff meetings and fulfill commitments. As the

Conquistador goes to the printer, however, three issues have appeared: a Thanksgiving number, a Christmas number, and a March number. The Christmas number, featuring Christmas in wartime, was the outstanding one of the three. Two other issues may appear before June.

At the suggestion of Mr. Hackett, it has been decided that each year's issues of the *Tropical Collegian* shall be bound in the printing plant at Mount Hope. We may, therefore, soon have the satisfaction of seeing several neat volumes filled with the literary and journalistic output of the Canal Zone Junior College during the past six years.



FLICKERS AND FLASHES

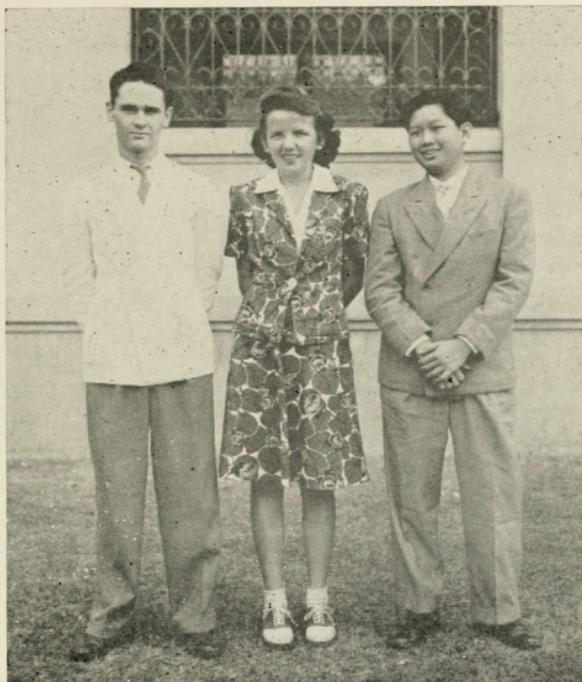


Left to right: Robert Beland, Virginia Keenan, Helen Ramey, Ana Arias, Hope Bauman, Esther Miller, Olga Moya Mr. Lyons (instructor).

FLICKERS AND FLASHES

Flickers and Flashes is the weekly newsheet of the Canal Zone Junior College. It was founded in 1939 by P. L. Starbuck, instructor in commercial studies. Mr. Starbuck is now on leave, but, under the aegis of Mr. J. A. Lyons, the newsheet continues to flourish. The paper, issued by the Office Practice class, contains announcements, news stories, interesting statistics (contributed mainly by Mr. Hackett), and jokes. This year the moving spirits behind *Flickers and Flashes* were as follows: Ruth Kupka, Esther Miller, Robert Beland, Olga Moya, Ana Arias, Helen Ramey, Virginia Keenan, and Hope Bauman. One person is responsible for each issue. It is his duty to solicit copy from faculty members and students, type it uniformly with the aid of the right-hand margin justifier, supply timely cartoons and illustrations, and mimeograph and distribute the paper. The appearance of this gaily colored little sheet the first morning of every school week does much to alleviate the gloom of "blue Monday."

STUDENT ASSISTANTS



Left to right: James Phillips, Eleanor Sullivan, Harry Chan.

Ever since 1935, student assistants have been employed in the Junior College to help teachers in their laboratories and offices. Each assistant receives as compensation a remission of one-half his tuition.

Despite the small compensation, it is considered an honor to have an assistantship, for usually only the better students receive these appointments. The assistant also obtains valuable experience. Furthermore, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is a full-fledged government employee, with "a badge 'n everything." And finally, the assistants this year enjoyed a special thrill, when in February, quite unexpectedly, they began to receive overtime pay!

The student assistants this year were Eleanor Sullivan, Jimmy Phillips, Harry Chan, and Vernon Dettor. Eleanor, Miss Moody's assistant, had the somewhat difficult task of watching the freshman English students' *p's* and *q's*. She also had charge of the students' lounge. Keeping the books and magazines in the lounge in order must have been quite a job for Eleanor.

Mr. Buckley's senior assistant, Vernon Dettor, could be found at any and all hours of the day in the chemistry laboratory, weighing chemicals with meticulous care and conducting experiments with a high degree of accuracy. Jimmy Phillips, junior assistant in this department, spent his working hours taking care of the equipment in the chemistry and physics laboratories and mixing chemicals.

KAPPA EPSILON



Left to right: Front row, Eleanor Sullivan, Abel Villegas, Olga Moya, Roberto Arosemena. Back row, Philipa Rosales, Felix Typaldos, Margaret Considine, Julio Sosa, Augusta Wong, Isidro Fong.

KAPPA EPSILON

Mr. Chalmers Carson, founder and sponsor of Kappa Epsilon, the Spanish club of the Junior College, resigned from the college faculty last summer. Hence the club now has a new sponsor, Mr. Allen B. Ward. Mr. Ward has for some years been a popular teacher of Spanish in the Balboa High School and in the Junior College Extension Division, and has now taken over some of Mr. Carson's day classes in the college.

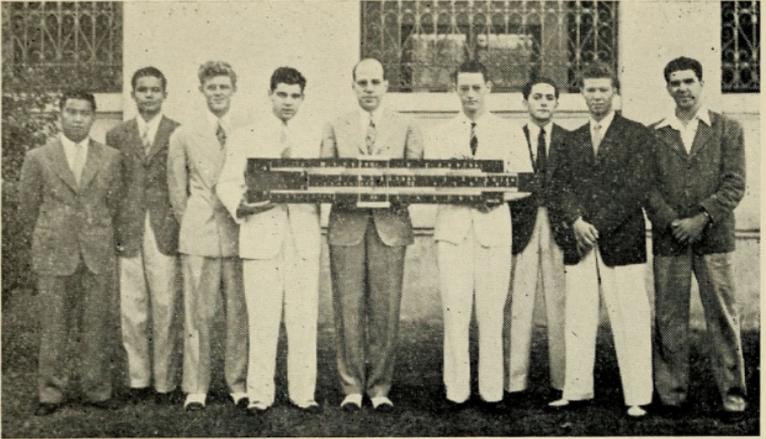
The first meeting of Kappa Epsilon in 1942 was held on September 23. Ana Arias was elected president, Abel Villegas, vice-president, Roberto Arosemena, secretary, and Eleanor Sullivan, treasurer. At a later meeting Miss Arias resigned her office and Mr. Villegas took the presidency, while Olga Moya was elected vice-president.



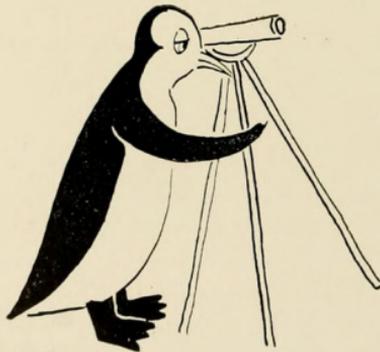
During the course of the year the Spanish club has had various business meetings to discuss finances and possible programs, but no formal programs or social affairs have resulted. The members are planning to have a tea, however, at which a one-act play will be presented by two or more Spanish students. Abel Villegas and his committee will choose and direct the play.



ENGINEERS' CLUB



Left to right: Isidro Fong Frank Hooper, James Bowen, Robert Pulfer, Mr. McNair (sponsor), William Hunter, Roberto Arosemena, Nicholas Lombroia, David Hollowell.



INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB



Left to right: Front row, Margaret Considine, Virginia Keenan, Kathleen Boni, Esther Miller, Earbara Williams, Eleanor Sullivan. Back row, Frank Hooper, Richard Egolf, Robert Eland, Roberto Arosemena, David Hollowell.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

The International Relations Club of the Junior College began its eighth year of activity under a new sponsor, Dr. Prentiss, in place of its previous sponsor and founder, Mr. Hackett. The organization meeting was held in the students' lounge on the evening of October 27. All former members of the club attended, and the following officers were elected: president, Lawrence Ridge, vice-president, Jack Gilder, secretary, Ruth Kupka, and treasurer, Richard Egolf.

At that meeting the club also planned a party for new members, to be held on November 17. The party turned out to be a great success. After a short business meeting, the students adjourned to the music room of the high school for amateur movies, music, and refreshments.

During the month of December two business meetings were held at which plans for a debate among the members were discussed. These plans were not carried out, however, since the Junior College lecture series, described elsewhere in the *Conquistador*, began early in January and all members were requested to attend. As this book goes to press the lecture series is finished, and the I. R. C. plans to meet soon to discuss the lectures and to make arrangements for the final activity of the year — the annual picnic.

NATURAL SCIENCE SOCIETY



Left to right: Harry Chan, Eleanor Sullivan, Mr. Lee (sponsor), Esther Miller, James Phillips.

THE NATURAL SCIENCE SOCIETY

The Natural Science Society was organized in 1935, by Mr. Lee, under whose sponsorship the organization has flourished for lo! these eight years. This society not only promotes interest in botany, zoology, etc., but provides some congenial social activity as well. The membership differs from that of other organizations in the Junior College in that it comprises both present students of the college and alumni.

The officers for 1942-43 were Esther Miller, president; Henry Poole, ex '43, vice-president; and Robert Orr, ex '43, secretary and treasurer. Meetings were held at six-thirty on alternate Tuesday evenings at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lee. A number of interesting talks were given. Among them were reports entitled "Twins" by James Phillips, and "The Height of Man," by Harry Chan. Mr. Lee lectured on his trip to Peru, and showed interesting motion pictures taken on the trip. Most of the programs were succeeded by social periods, and sometimes refreshments were served.

The members of this organization would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Lee for the delicious refreshments she provided, especially for the annual waffle supper, with its tasty jellies, fresh honey, and ice cream, which she cheerfully served us without requesting any help from the members.

MUSIC GROUP



Left to right: Front row, Virginia Keenan, Olga Moya, Philipa Rosales, Barbara Williams, Margaret Considine. Back row, Frank Hooper, William Hunter.

MUSIC ACTIVITIES

The music group, composed of Virginia Keenan, Margaret Considine, Philipa Rosales, Barbara Williams, Frank Hooper, William Hunter, and Olga Moya, working under the sympathetic supervision of Mrs. Baker, gave some interesting programs during the year 1942-43.

One of these programs was presented at the Christmas assembly, which was held the day before Christmas vacation commenced. Mr. Hooper and Mr. Hunter, violinists, played De Beriot's "Concert Duet," after which the Misses Keenan, Considine, Rosales, and Williams, (all from Cristobal) and Miss Moya sang several songs, including the following: "Pirate Dreams," "By the Bend of the River," "Venid Pastorcillos," and "Jesu Bambino," a Christmas song written in the antique style by Pietro A. Yon.

At two very interesting college assemblies, records were played. Mrs. Baker presided at the first, playing and discussing some classical records. At the second, Virginia Keenan presided, commenting on the records (most of which proved to be popular), while Adrian Bouché operated the phonograph.

Three members of the music group took part in the musical program which preceded Dr. Prentiss's lecture on the evening of February 9. These were William Hunter, Frank Hooper, and Virginia Keenan, who played "Trio Sonata," a composition for two violins and the piano, by Handel.

ASSEMBLY COMMITTEE



Left to right: Front row, Miss Moody, Virginia Keenan, Esther Miller. Back row, Mr. McNair, Robert Beland, Mr. Lyons, Nicholas Lombroia.

THE ASSEMBLY COMMITTEE

The Assembly Committee, comprising three faculty members and two student representatives from each class, arranges gatherings of the college students, at which interesting programs of music, speeches, etc., are presented. These programs, which alternate with meetings of the Student Association, occur each month. This year Mr. McNair was the chairman of the committee, and Mr. Lyons and Miss Moody were the other representatives from the faculty. Esther Miller and Nicholas Lombroia were the sophomore and Robert Beland and Virginia Keenan the freshman members. Miss Keenan served as secretary.

The subject of the first assembly, held October 7, was summer employment. After some interesting introductory remarks by Mr. McNair, presenting the fruits of a survey of summer employment among the college students, Mr. Oliver Cockrell, in charge of personnel for the Division Engineers, talked on the attitude of the employee toward his job. Following this speech, two members of the Speech class, Helen Ramey and Robert Beland, described the jobs they held during the summer, and Mr. Hackett discussed his summer position with the Commissary Division. By studying the expressions on the faces of the students, one could almost see them mentally jotting down notes to help them when they go in search of work for the summer.

On October 30 a special assembly was held, in which Lieutenant William G. Powers of Quarry Heights gave instructions as to the correct use of gas masks. The students donned the masks, and were then conducted into a gas-filled chamber. As each student emerged, he immediately began walking around rapidly to lessen the stinging of the gas.

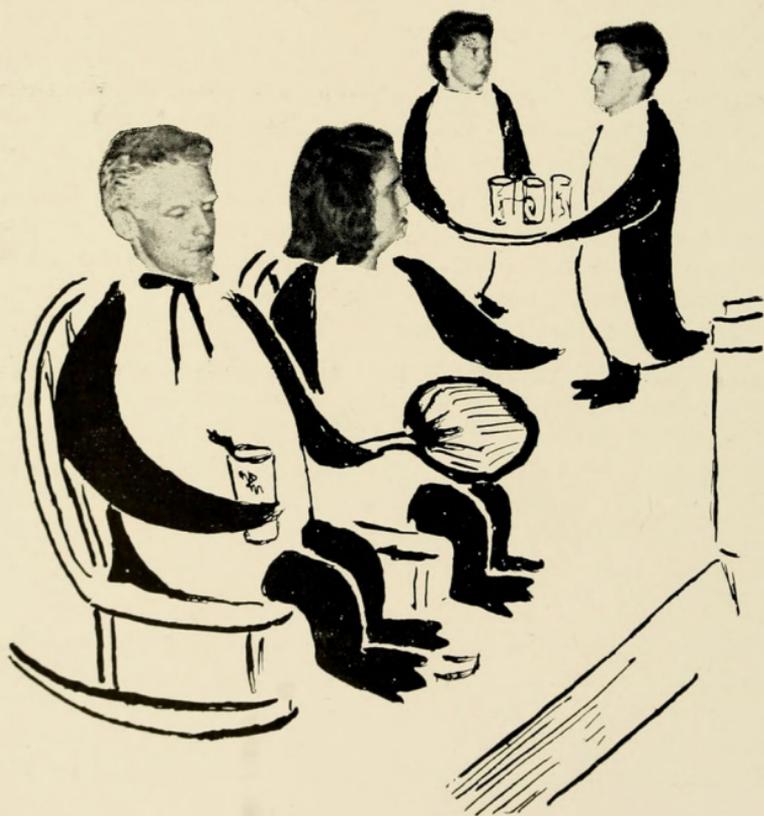
At the November assembly, Mrs. Helen C. Baker presented the recording of "Peter and the Wolf" by Prokofieff, with a narrative commentary by Richard Hale.

The Christmas assembly program, held December 23, was divided into several parts. The first was the rendition on the violin by Frank Hooper and William Hunter of De Beriot's "Concert Duet." Next came the singing of several selections by the dormitory girls' quartet, accompanied by Olga Moya; the third part of the program was the presentation of Constance Mackay's play, "The Christmas Guest," by the Speech class; the last fifteen minutes were devoted to group singing by the whole assembly.

On the last Friday of February, another assembly featuring recordings was held. Students were requested to bring their favorite records, and quite a number complied. Alec Templeton and George Gershwin numbers proved especially popular. Virginia Keenan was the chairman of this assembly, and Adrian Bouché and Fred Brugge lent the instrument and mechanism which were used.

On March 17, St. Patrick's Day, an extremely interesting quiz contest assembly was held, in which the two classes were pitted one against the other. Students were asked to submit questions, and if their questions could not be answered, were awarded prizes in the form of war stamps. The sophomores were victorious in the contest. Eleanor Sullivan answered more questions correctly than any other contestant, though Bob Pulfer did almost as well. Nicholas Lombroia served as master of ceremonies.

As the *Conquistador* goes to press, two more programs are being planned, one to commemorate Pan-American Day on April 14, and another Maritime Day on May 22. Each program will have a guest speaker. There may also be a special assembly, at which members of the Speech class will make short talks on topics connected with the war.



DRAMATICS

Small enrollment and lack of time on the part of the students prevented Kappa Delta Sigma, the college dramatic society, founded in 1933 by Miss Moody, from being reorganized this year. In the past this group has given (besides various programs of one-act plays) seven successful three-act productions at the Balboa Clubhouse Theatre, the latest of which were *Big-Hearted Herbert*, *What a Life*, and *The Ghost Flies South*. It is hoped that this society may revive in the future.

Dramatics did not by any means go begging this year, however. Mr. Subert Turbyfill, director of the Balboa Little Theatre, the dramatic activity of the Balboa High School, introduced a class in dramatics in the Extension Division of the Junior College, and a number of the day students of the college enrolled in the class. Their chief production of the year was *The Moon Is Down*, by John Steinbeck, which was presented at the Balboa Clubhouse Theatre on the afternoon and evening of March 10, and in the Cristobal High School Auditorium on the evening of March 12.

The production was sponsored by the Canal Zone Junior College Student Association, and the large profits went into the association treasury. The leading roles were well played by those veterans of the Balboa Little Theatre, Samuel Grier and John Wohlfarth. Paul Runyan also carried a heavy role capably. Other students in the college who had speaking parts in the play were Fred Brugge, Adrian Bouché, Esther Miller, Helen Ramey, James Phillips, Vernon Dettor, William Townsend, and Frank Hooper. Former students of the college in the cast were William Fitzgerald George Muller, and David Hollowell. Many other day students of the college, including Virginia Keenan, Ana Arias, Margaret Considine, Kathleen Boni, Eleanor Sullivan, Hope Bauman, Barbara Williams, Philipa Rosales, Roxy Stewart, Harry Chan, Nicholas Lombroia, and James Bowen, assisted with staging and production. The set, designed and built by Mr. Turbyfill, with the help of students, was very effective. Reservations ticket sales, and business matters were supervised by Mr. Lyons, Mr. McNair, and Miss Swenson, respectively.

The play, which is of special significance in relation to the war, aroused much interest among the students, and—as the very large crowds it played before proved—the public.

Mr. Turbyfill and the others who helped make this ambitious production so marked a success merit congratulations.

GIRLS' SPORTS

Volley ball was the main feature of the girls' sports this year. At the first meeting of the team, Ruth Kupka was elected captain. Under her leadership, the team, consisting of Ana Arias, Hope Bauman, Kathleen Boni, Virginia Keenan, Helen Ramey, Roxy Stewart, Eleanor Sullivan, Esther Miller, and Dolores Wells, defeated the Cristobal High School All-Stars. The victor was to be determined by the winning of two out of three games. The college girls lost the second game, but won the others, thus gaining the victory. The final scores were 21—11; 21—12; 21—4. This was the first time that CZJC had ever beaten the Cristobal All-Stars. The girls were not always victorious, however, for the Decrepitudinarians beat the Gyneolatrists 2 to 1 in their annual match.

To keep in harmony with the war effort, Mrs. Shirk taught the girls of her gym classes commando tactics. Perhaps you noticed the black and blue marks on their legs and arms. After the first few bumps the girls were ready for anything, so Miss Rector decided that it was time for tumbling. If any sighs and moans were heard around the college, these came from the bruised lips of the members of the gym class.

The second semester, floor work was replaced by swimming. Every Tuesday and Thursday the combined girls' and boys' classes could be seen at the Balboa swimming pool, under the direction of Mr. Dwelle. By the end of the semester, everyone was supposed to be able to pass a certified life-saving test.

BOYS' SPORTS

The enrollment in the Canal Zone Junior College this year was small and fluctuating on account of the war. Many students withdrew from college to enter the armed services or to take jobs. Hence our plans for baseball, basket ball, and track teams failed to materialize. Our football season, however, was quite successful.

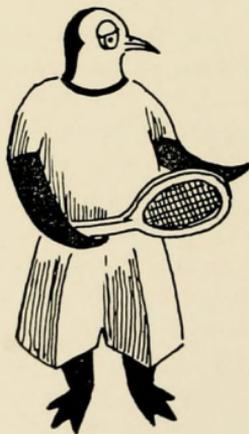
Playing an eight-game schedule, the Canal Zone Junior College eleven won three games, tied one, and lost four. Th best game was played against Cristobal High School, even though the college lost, 14—13.

The college opened the season with a 6—0 victory over the Vols-Owls combination. The touchdown came when Fitzgerald intercepted an attempted high school pass and ran seventy yards for the touchdown. The second game of the schedule saw the college team meeting a crack high school combination, with the high school boys coming out on top 21—0. Playing a mid-week game on a very muddy field, the boys took on the Flying Cadets from Howard Field in a game which ended in a scoreless tie. The following week the college played the Flying Cadets a return game, this time winning 6—0. The college scored on a pass from Pearson to Frensley. Frensley then lateraled to Fitzgerald, who ran the remaining yards for a touchdown. The next game was the Balboa High School—CZJC game, in which Balboa High School, led by co-captain Jack Miller, passed over the heads of the college team for the two touchdowns, winning 12—0. CZJC won the fifth game of the schedule from the Mechanical Division Working Boys, 12—0. The first college touchdown came within the first few minutes of play, when De la Mater completed a 15-yard pass to Tom Frensley, who was in the end zone. The other touchdown was scored in the last quarter when De la Mater completed a pass to Hooper, who stepped into the end zone for the touchdown. The next to the last game of the season was played on Thanksgiving Day against the Working Boys. In this game the C. Z. Tech eleven met defeat 19—0, as John Anderson, CZJC graduate, romped across the goal line for three touchdowns. The final game of the season saw the C.Z. eleven throw a scare into the backers of the Cristobal High School football team. Cristobal jumped into an early first-half lead of 7—0, which lasted until the end of the third quarter. Starting out the fourth quarter with the ball in their possession, Cris-

tobal marched up the field, with Haywood completing passes to his teammates. These were climaxed by a 13-yard pass for Cristobal's second and last touchdown, with Gregory drop-kicking the extra point. C. Z. Tech received the ball and started their march up the field, led by De la Mater. With the ball in the mid-field stripe, De la Mater completed a pass to Ridge, to put the ball on the Cristobal 18-yard line. On the next play, De la Mater faked a right end run and completed a pass to Hooper in the end zone. With the Cristobal team receiving the kick-off, the Junior College right end recovered the ball to give the college possession on Cristobal's 33-yard line. After having two passes knocked down, De la Mater received the ball from center Jim Phillips and completed a pass to Hooper, who outran the Cristobal team for the touchdown.

SWIMMING

The swimming and water polo teams have not been organized as we go to press, but it is expected that we will have a swimming team as well as a water polo sextet.



THE WAR STAMPS COMMITTEE



Left to right: James Bowen, Mr. McNair, William Hunter.

THE WAR STAMPS COMMITTEE

At a meeting on October 19, the Student Association voted to set up a War Saving Stamp sales booth in the college. The sum of \$27.50 was put into a revolving fund to keep a supply of stamps on hand in Room 309 for sale to the students. President Bouché appointed a committee to handle the sales, and for a while it wasn't safe to be seen in the building around one o'clock because Salesman Bowen, Hunter, or Muller was sure to sell you as many stamps as your purse could buy.

The best week of sales was the week preceding the Christmas vacation, when sales amounted to \$86.85. Since that time the amount of sales has dropped, but every week there are some sales to report. The total sales to date amount to almost \$300, and our original fund has revolved about twelve times, but it isn't dizzy yet from too rapid revolutions.

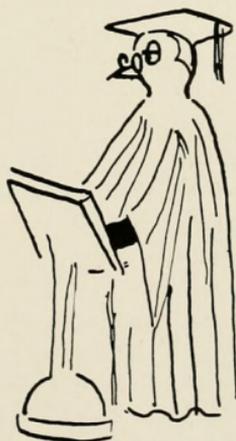
THE CANAL ZONE JUNIOR COLLEGE LECTURE SERIES

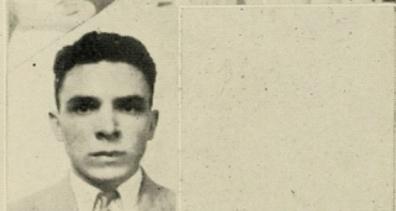
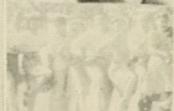
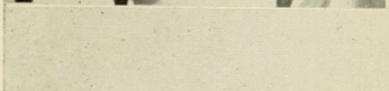
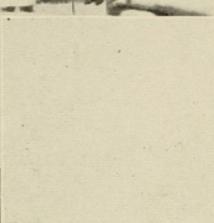
A worth while project of the Junior College this year was the Canal Zone Junior College lecture series, which was suggested by Mr. Williams and planned in detail by Mr. Hackett. While the Junior College has had lecture courses in previous years, this year's series was more ambitious than anything attempted before. All the lectures had to do with the war, and not only college faculty members but prominent people from the community as a whole took part. The speeches were delivered in the evening in the high school-junior college library, and each one was preceded by a delightful fifteen-minute musical program arranged by Mrs. Helen C. Baker, Director of Music in the Canal Zone Schools. Eleanor Sullivan, Augusta Wong, Kathleen Boni, and others acted as doorkeepers and ushers.

Mr. Hackett opened the series on January 6, with a talk entitled "From Versailles to Danzig—the Twenty Years' Armistice." He was assisted by Virginia Keenan, who pointed out on the map the many regions mentioned in the talk. On January 12, Captain Robert Wilson of the Medical Corps, United States Army, talked on "The Japanese in China; Some Personal Observations." This lecture was illustrated with amateur movies of scenes of the Japanese occupation of Nanking—pictures showing the terrible atrocities perpetrated by the Nipponese. The next lecture was given on January 22, by Colonel W. C. Cox, also of the Medical Corps of the United States Army. He discussed "Advances in Medicine and Surgery Resulting from the War." On January 29, Dr. Moody talked on "The Relationship Between War and Literature," while on February 9, Dr. Prentiss lectured on "Latin-America and the United States: Pan-Americanism, Old and New." The next lecture, which took place on February 17, was an interesting innovation in that it was followed by a forum or round table. First, Mr. Merrill W. Whitman, Attorney, The Panama Canal, gave a discourse on "International Law and the World War." He advocated a form of international cooperation through a world court after the war. This proposal was then argued pro and con by a panel consisting of Captain R. H. Hunter, Mr. Roger Collinge, Assistant to the Superintendent of Schools, and Judge Clarence Decker. Captain Hunter was inclined to a negative view of Mr. Whitman's proposals, and Mr. Collinge

and Judge Decker to a favorable view. Mr. Collinge set forth some very interesting arguments. On March 5, Dr. Robert W. Bradbury, Attaché and Senior Economic Analyst of the American Embassy of Panama, (Professor of Foreign Trade and Director of the Division of Latin-American Relations in the University of Louisiana, now on leave) lectured on "Economics and War." The final number on the series was a talk on March 9 by Dr. Harmodio Arias, international lawyer and ex-president of the Republic of Panama, on "The Social, Economic, and Cultural Status of the Latin-American Nations."

The lectures by Dr. Wilson and Dr. Arias were especially well attended. Every lecture was followed by a fifteen-minute question and answer period. In closing the series of lectures, Mr. Lawrence Johnson, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, pointed out that when the founding of the Junior College was projected, it was hoped that the college would become a potent center of culture in the community. The success of these lectures, he stated, help to prove that this hope has been fulfilled.







FEATURES

FLASHBACKS

BY A. NONNY MOUSE

We'll never forget Virginia Keenan's famous dive. Margaret Considine was chasing her like mad (as usual) all over the dorm. Bloody but unbowed, Virginia made a flying leap for her bed. It was really a beautiful dive. Only the bed wasn't there!!

Speaking of dives—Barbara Williams has a new story to cover those black and blue marks all over her. Yes, *all over*. She says—and this is her own version—that she fell down the church steps. Oh yeah?

Then there was Hope Bauman's dramatic entrance into English Composition class at 8:10. "I couldn't help it, Miss Moody!" she wailed, "I was chasing my *duck*!!"

Those wacky roommates, Virginia Keenan and Margaret Considine, again: Margaret, not caring particularly for a remark made by Virginia, aimed a kick at the latter. She kicked so hard that her sneaker flew off. Considine followed suit and flew off, too. She landed on her—ahem—well, she made a most undecorous landing! 'Nuff said,

But what takes the cake is the time four excited girls broke up C. C. class, to Doc Prentiss's amazement, to dash across the hall to stop Miss Moody before she left. We'd like to know who was the more surprised, Miss Moody or Doc!

And did you hear about that embarrassing episode at the dorm the other night when one of the girls was entertaining her date around 11? Gram bawled out: "It's eleven o'clock, black-out! And I'm not paying any fines!" You should have seen that date run. He would have put a rabbit to shame. And, by the way, he's too scared to come back.

Any time Tyrone Power tires of his enviable position, our Paul Runyan will gladly take over. Intoxicated by the success of the play *The Moon Is Down* in which he played a part, he went around dispensing the most amorous kisses, to Mr. Lyons' glassy-eyed amazement.

Seems to us that Bill Townsend has a sadistic streak in him. Why? Don't tell us you were not there! Unsuspecting Richard Egolf was talking to Augusta when he suddenly looked down and found his shoe afire!! There's nothing like a "hotfoot" to brighten one's day, is there, Townsend?



Ziegfeld Flops



The End



EeK! A mouse!



Lady's aid



Ya Vamos



Grrrr...



Please-



*Tooth paste
AD*



Mutt & Jeff



Scenery Bums

THE WANDERING MIND OF THE J. C. STUDENT

CONTEMPORARY CIVILIZATION

BY I. M. FLUNKIN

I wonder why colleges require students to take history. Seems awfully funny to me that we have to study about things that happened years ago. Oh, yes, now I know why—heard someone mention it the other day (probably was the teacher). Let's see—one can draw parallels between past events and current events. How can that be possible when I know no current events to draw parallels to?..... What's he saying about 1453? Something about the Turks capturing Constantinople. That's funny! I learned the same date in American history. Qué pasa? Guess the Turks forgot about us poor students having to memorize the date, or else they would have stayed at home. Or would they? Oh, well, can't cry over spilled milk..... Too bad I can't draw, else I could spend this whole period drawing while Dr. Prentiss lectures, since I don't "catch on" to this subject anyway.... Wonder why Dr. Prentiss is looking this way. NO! He *isn't* going to ask me a question! I know! I'll try to look intelligent—no use. What's he asking? —Who is Karl Marx?—Gee, isn't he one of the Marx brothers? I wonder what a Socialist is anyway—probably a fellow who loves to give parties..... There are more dates than enough in this subject and Dr. Prentiss knows them all; but, then again, even when he tells us dates we don't know whether they are right or wrong..... Those darned airplanes! I'm certainly waiting for the day when someone invents a silencer for the loud motors on those things—either a silencer or a perpetual glider. Say! I think I have something here—I'll have to work on it..... I know I should be taking notes, but the only notes I like to write are music notes. Speaking of notes, I have to write "Gutie" one about some material for the *Conquistador*..... A test Friday covering the last five topics!?! When will I have time to read them? Oh, well, see you next year, Dr. Prentiss.....

COMMERCIAL SPANISH

BY O. K. PASA

Eight o'clock! Ho hum! I wish this were only Thursday; then I could be sleeping peacefully instead of sitting here wondering what Mr. Ward is going to cook up for today. Well, at least it's better now that there are six students in the class, rather than only two as during the first semester—I don't get called on so frequently. Oh oh..... Mr. Ward's opening the book now..... the next assignment—more letters, more sentences to write!..... Now for today's work..... Look out for that southern accent, Mrs. McKenzie..... oh oh, you did it..... "p'dido"..... "Siga, Señorita" (that's me)..... Now what in the world is that word??? (Why didn't I study?) Darn!..... the vocabulary list is on the *next* page! I'm going to write to the author. Now what's a good guess? Yes?..... No! Not good enough, I guess. Ahhh, thanks, Sullivan, old kid, I'll do the same thing for you sometime. And now it's Canavaggio's turn.... mind that French accent, son! (Quote Mr. Ward: "The word is *enviamos*, not *onviamos*, señor!") Hooray!!! A notice to be read..... Good, now I can breathe easily between questions..... Here we go again..... Careful, Guizado! You know how Mr. Ward loves to throw wrong answers to suckers! Too late! You did it again! That sentence can't be translated literally!.... Watch out, Sullivan! Oh, never mind..... he can't catch *you* that way!.... Why, Mr. Egolf, what a lovely Spanish word you just invented!..... "En recibien"..... oh, *recibir*..... I see now..... Do I hear a bell?

Yes! A fire drill!..... Why don't they last ten minutes so that the class would be over—but alas! When we come back in a few minutes things will start all over again!

ENGLISH COMPOSITION

By DUNT B. TRITE

Theme? Is that what I heard? That's getting to be trite in this class, or is it rubber-stamped? I never did understand the difference, if there is one. Oh dear! That searching gaze can mean only one thing. Let's see—if she calls on me, what can I say? Whew! I wish she would answer all her questions herself. That would greatly simplify matters. Lovely view outside. I wish I were—What's this? Vocabulary? That's different. For a moment I thought I had overlooked something. That reminds me. I must look up those words I have written down—I wonder where they are—at any rate, I must look up those words or I'll have an excellent vocabulary list of one blank page. Oh, oh, there goes another brain teaser—I should worry, I read the lesson—yes, and there goes Mr. Wright. Now what does he have that I don't? I pored over that lesson, and I didn't see that. I wonder if Miss Moody will mind if I yawn. Nope, I'll stifle it. Take notes? How gruesome!! Montaigne, Bacon, Browne!! I've heard those names before. Let's see if I can remember what they wrote before Miss Moody does. No soap—Maybe if I had English in the afternoon I could keep the old brain working. Two pages of notes. I think it's time to call it a day—and there's the welcome sound of the whirring bell.

PSYCHOLOGY

By I. EMMA MORON

Cephalic index? Cephalic index? I'm not quite sure I know what that means, Mr. Hackett, but if it is what I THINK it is . . . No? Oh, I see. You measure our heads thisaway and thataway with those caterpillars—oh, beg pardon—calipers, and figure out something. Figure out WHAT? I'll have to corner Kup after class and get all the facts. That's what I get for giggling over the way Boogie howled when Mr. Hackett clamped those cater—things—on his head. Boogie's head, NOT Mr. Hackett's. Wonder what Mr. Hackett is up to. Never can tell about him . . . I never thought he'd go in for phrenology, though. Sa-a-ay!! I wonder if he can find out something we wouldn't want him to know simply by measuring our heads with those things? Hey, Ana. Pssst! Ana! Oh, well, if she won't listen . . . Let Mr. Hackett find out everything about her, for all I care. I hope he finds out where she put my pen. That's funny, it's the first time Ana ever hushed me up—or is it down?—in class, even when Mr. Hackett was talking. Oh, Mr. Hackett's talking now!! Objective . . . introspective . . . mental age..... correlation..... James-Lange Theory (exactly what did it explain, I wonder?)..... law of recency..... elimination without blocking..... Freud..... FREUD?? Hmmm..... Say, Psychology certainly does get more and more interesting every day, doesn't it? QUIET, Ana!! I'm only trying to listen to Mr. Hackett.

TYPING

BY !!X?*% TAB U. LATE

This is a test that I shall write without an error. This will prove that I command the fingers and write as I am told to do. I know that I need to strike the letters just one at a time and keep the carriage moving without jerks, I can do so if I look at the page all the time and throw the carriage with a snap.

This is a test that I shall write without an error. This will prove that I can command the fingers and write as I am told to do. I know—Damn it all, I can't type!

This is a test that I shall write without an error. This will prove that I move the fingers and write as I am told to do. I know that I need to strike the letters just one at a time and keep the carriage moving without jerks. I can do so if I look at the page all the time and if I throw the carriage with a snap.

Helen is mad and I'm glad 'cause that means that she didn't pass her test and neither did I. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha. Didn't she 'ittle girly-wirly pass her great big nasty ol' test? Tell Hopey ail about it, my little Southern pork chop. Mrs. Robinson just made a mistake—I bet—because she clenched her first and gritted her teeth—or eise she gritted her fist and clenched her teeth—or something. Ha hah ahahahahah.

This is a test that I shall write without an error. This will prove that I command the fingers and write as I am told to do. I know that I need to strike the letters just one at a time and keep the carriage moving without jerks. I can do so if I look at the page all the time and if I throw the carriage with a snap.

So, I'm going to throw the carriage with a snap. I know what's the matter with me—I'm looking at the keys all the time instead of the page. Ah me! I think I'll be a great martyr and go down in history—anyway, I'll go down. Yes, yes, can't you just see me about ten years from now—millions of people begging me to stop this time test, but I go on and on, always typing, until the year when I shall type the test perfectly. (Even if some jealous beggar did declare that I didn't type it myself—but that the machine was so used to going that way that it just naturally typed it all by itself.)



Hey, Lombrois!



Five Little Morons



Had a busy day



Wha' happenin'?



Hands above the table



Grinning Goons



Watch out, Hollywood!

Southern Exposure



Juvenile Delinquents



Cheese Cake



A n d
o n
l y
r i
g h
t!

What, Puffer?

JUNIOR COLLEGE CLICHES

BY PETE AND REPETE

Mr. Hackett: "How so?"

Ana Arias: "Will you repeat that question, please?"

Augusta Wong: "Oh, never mind . . ."

Paul Runyan: "Let's go on an orgy."

Margaret Considine: "Sweet enough!"

Adrian Bouché: "Seems to me there are a lot of people not doing anything."

Barbara Williams: "But definitely!"

Winnie Kiley: "But I always thought . . ."

Fred Brugge: "Hey, kids, what do you say we skip?"

Virginia Keenan: "But, Dr. Prentiss, the book says . . ."

Vernon Dettor: "Mr. Chairman, there is just *one* question I would like to ask."

Marian Orr: "What can I do for you, sir?"

Abel Villegas: "Tengo que buscar a una linda mujer!"

Miss Moody: "You don't want to use anything that's trite or rubber-stamp—no clichés."

John Wohlfarth: "Mr. Chairman, I move that the meeting be adjourned."

Philipa Rosales: "An' then wha' hoppin'?"

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF——?

BY KEN U. TELL

Philipa Rosales decided to stay in at least one night to study.

Paul Runyan failed to greet a girl menacingly as she entered the lounge.

Dr. Prentiss gave anachronistic data to his C. C. students.

Olga Moya didn't get her transcription in Advanced Shorthand finished first.

Esther Miller didn't take an interest in any of the extra-curricular activities of CZJC.

"Don Juan" Roberto Arosemena forgot to wink at the girls in his inordinate manner.

Margaret Considine forgot to laugh in stentorian tones after hearing a good joke.

Robert Beland was never seen surrounded by a bevy of girls.

Ruth Kupka (Carey) dyed her hair a flaming red.

Abel Villegas let a day pass without embarrassing or getting Peggy Maduro into trouble.

Vernon Dettor ever agreed with the majority of the class.

Barbara Williams managed to keep off her "soap box" for at least a day.

Winifred Kiley ever made a loud noise.

Kathleen Boni should grow taller.

Helen Ramey lost her Southern drawl.

Dr. Moody forgot *any* lines from *any* poem.

John Wohlfarth or Sam Grier forgot all about dramatics.

Peggy Maduro managed to play a trick on Villegas to even the score.

Mr. Hackett neglected to say, "Are there any questions?"

Jimmy Phillips decided to be a ditch-digger instead of a doctor.

Harry Chan failed to be an honor student.

Hope Bauman came to school every single day in the year.

Jimmy Bowen decided to let his blond locks get long enough to braid.
Augusta Wong lost her talent for writing poems, or drawing super-
muscular men.
The "dorm" girls didn't argue about some trivial matter.
Burton Wright couldn't answer a question in C. C. class.
Eleanor Sullivan weren't secretary of some organization.
Nick Lombroia no longer possessed his "swivel hips."
Richard Egolf forgot to "polish the apple" with the coach.
Adrian Bouché ran an S. A. meeting that conformed to parliamentary
law.
Ana Arias were less gullible.
John Canavaggio ever had his name pronounced correctly.
Fred Brugge could no longer imitate Marie Ouspenskaya perfectly.
Isidro Fong lost a ping-pong game.
Julio Sosa and Felix Typaldos lost any of their Spanish music rhythm.
Edgardo Carles failed to use his arms and elbows in athletics.
William Townsend decided to act like a dignified college student.
William Hunter and Frank Hooper couldn't get any violin strings.
José Guizado ever brought his homework to Commercial Spanish.
Jacqueline Barrett made fewer typing errors.
Virginia Keenan remembered to proofread a stencil.
Roxy Stewart let a day pass without raving about Florida.

DORMITORY STUDENTS



Left to right: Front row, Margaret Considine, Virginia Keenan, Philpa Rosales, Barbara Williams, Augusta Wong. Back row, Frank Hooper, Richard Egolf.

'THE WOLVES' LAIR

BY "THE SURVIVING TWO"

We started our year at the Boys' Dorm (the second floor of the Balboa Little Theatre on Carr Street), with seven residents: six collegians, and one youngster from Balboa High. Frank Hooper and Dave Hollowell fought it out in one room; Jack Gilder and Richard Egolf tried to study in their "suite"; and Bill Fitzgerald and Vic Melant (the high school lad) slept in Apartment D. Stewart Barber occupied the room with the "ocean view."

Toward the end of the year 1942 we were still intact. As yet there had been no semester exams! But you've all heard about the little Indians. First to drop out of college was the ever-smiling Fitz; next Jack Gilder left us, followed by Stewart Barber. Thus, of the collegians, only Frank Hooper and Richard Egolf were left to hold the stage.

Fitz got a job with the Mechanical Division, Jack joined the Navy, and Stewart became an Air Cadet, while Hollowell took an apprenticeship.

Many things happened to enliven our semester together. For instance, one night the coach came to "visit" us poor boys, and tried the old "double sheet" trick on Fitz. Fitz, however, was in the habit of making his own bed, and when he saw the arrangement of the sheets, he knew what had happened.

Many were the "rastlin" matches we held, with Frank, Stewart, and Holly all "ganging up" on the sophs, Jack and Dick. The sophmores usually came out on the bottom, each with a broken foot, or a few scratches on the face, or a perfect impression of teeth imprinted on his leg.

The food? We want to thank Mrs. Powell for the enjoyable meals she served us, and also the little things she did for us on the side. She had her difficulties with us, but all arguments and disagreements of the dorm resolved themselves in the end.

Well, folks!!! It is now 10:45, fifteen minutes before black-out. Since this will probably be our last chance to do so, we now bid you all *adieu*.



"THE CHICKEN COOP"

A. CORNY COED

Welcome to "The Chicken Coop," situated on the Prado, in the wooden building which many will remember as the old Balboa Police Station. Have you ever wondered what goes on in that seemingly peaceful structure, when five energetic Cristobalites get together under one roof? Let me tell you.

Our "family" consists of one blonde, three brunettes, and a red-head: namely, Barbara "Burp" Williams, Philipa "Flip" Rosales, Augusta "Gutie" Wong, Virginia "Reds" Keenan, Margaret "Corny" Consideine. Until wedding bells rang for her in January, Ruth "Kup" Kupka was also one of us. We all have our own views, likes, and dislikes, but, except for occasional squawks and ruffling of feathers, we get along beautifully.

Every select group has its own language or favorite expressions, and the dorm is no exception. Let the "outsider" beware when we really get going! Among our favorite sayings you will hear "long-head," or a smart person; "You hurt me deep," our way of saying that our feelings have been hurt; and various Spanish expressions, such as "¿Qué hubo?", "Adiosito," and others. If you listen in the morning, as the dorm gals file *en masse* out to school, you will hear a chorus of "No se vayan sin mi!" One expression which usually has to be explained is "boo-coo," meaning plentiful or very nice, coined from the French "beaucoup."

Three of the most important things in our dorm life are sleeping, eating, and having a good time. Of course, we *must* study, but let's not talk about that now.

First, speaking of sleeping, we hate to roll out of bed "in the middle of the night," at seven o'clock in the morning, but who can sleep with five alarm clocks going off at different intervals! After many groans, we manage to stagger sleepily down the hall to the "little room," to wash up in time for breakfast at 7:30.

Then there is eating, and do we love that! When the bell rings there is always a big rush, particularly at lunch and dinner. At noon there is much confusion, with everyone grabbing for dear life, lest she starve. Those who sit at the ends of the table are lucky, for they merely ask for food, while those who are less fortunate spend most of their time passing the food between bites.

We have fun in about everything we do, but our main diversion is music. Our group boasts of a guitar, a harmonica, a first soprano, an alto, a "tenor," and a "bass." We sing and play the latest hits as well as old favorites. Bull sessions are frequent in the dorm, even after "lights out." We also go to the movies, CZJC lectures, and other current affairs.

Occasionally, the "chickens" fly the coop and things really get wild. And don't say you wouldn't get frightened if a certain girl came into your room at 11:30 p.m. with her hair brushed up like a Fiji Islander's and a flashlight held under her chin! We also delight in frightening one member who is extremely afraid of the dark.

After the day is over and our studying is done, we crawl sleepily into bed to dream of that glorious day, Friday, when we shall all be taking the train to the Atlantic Side, which is still home, in spite of the fact that we are happily established in our dormitory home in Balboa.





*Keeper of
the Flame*



All through



Mr. 5x5



Midyear Exams



Ho-hum!!



"Doc"



*Goosey
Gandering*



*Intellectuals,
Us*



Cramming?



See! I told you

PERSONALITY PAGE

By I. Y. CUE

We would like to moderate:

- Miss Moody's detestation of gum-chewing.
- Augusta Wong's hyper-modesty.
- John Wohlfarth's histrionics.
- Hope Bauman's giggles.
- Mr. Hatchett's predilection for statistics.

We want to consign to oblivion:

- The rumpus-raisers of room 303.
- The people who leave chewing gum in the drinking fountain.
- The habitual borrowers of notebooks, paper, pencil, what have you.
- The students who hang over the desk of the J. C. secretary, and keep her from doing her work.
- The students who check out the books and magazines which the whole class needs to read and keep them *ad infinitum*.

We could do without:

- Eleanor Sullivan's agonized "Oh, no," whenever a student makes a misstatement in class.
- Virginia Keenan's reverberant laugh.
- Bill Townsend's "practical jokes."
- Abel Villegas' tyranny over Peggy Maduro.
- Vernon Dettor's defeatist arguments.
- That eternal racket emanating at all hours from the girls' dorm.

We like:

- Kay Boni's sweet temperament.
- Jimmie Bowen's choice of clothes.
- Essie Miller's blitheness.
- Harry Chan's ever-present grin.
- Ana Arias' naivet e.
- Mr. Lyons' amusing anecdotes.

We respect:

- Roxy Stewart's meticulous coiffures.
- Winnie Kiley's thorough way of doing things.
- Fred Brugge's "sixth sense."
- Eleanor Sullivan's "trigger" mind.
- John Canavaggio's quiet dignity.

We envy:

- Miss Moody's infallible memory.
- Bill Townsend's gift for bluffing.
- Marion Orr's infinite longanimity.
- Frankie Hooper and Bill Hunter's musical talent.
- Virginia Keenan's lung power.
- Paul Runyan's startling artistic quirks.



Incipient Pick-ups?



Retreat



Come hither!!



Double Exposure



*The de
apple tree*



Cosy?



Spring Cleaning



Champ?



From me to you

SUICIDE NOTE

By AL BUNION

After six rum punches and a spot of gin,
I've come to the conclusion that I'M ALL IN.
I've got fallen arches and falling hair,
A larger stomach and a brandy-eyed stare.
I'm dyspeptic, neurotic, allergic, and dumb.
Irritable, nervous, grouchy, and glum.
I've got double pneumonia and elephantiasis
Halitosis and arthriasis,
Bronchitis and a touch of the ague,
And what's more, bubonic plague!
Schizophrenia and St. Vitus,
Claustrophobia and gingivitis.

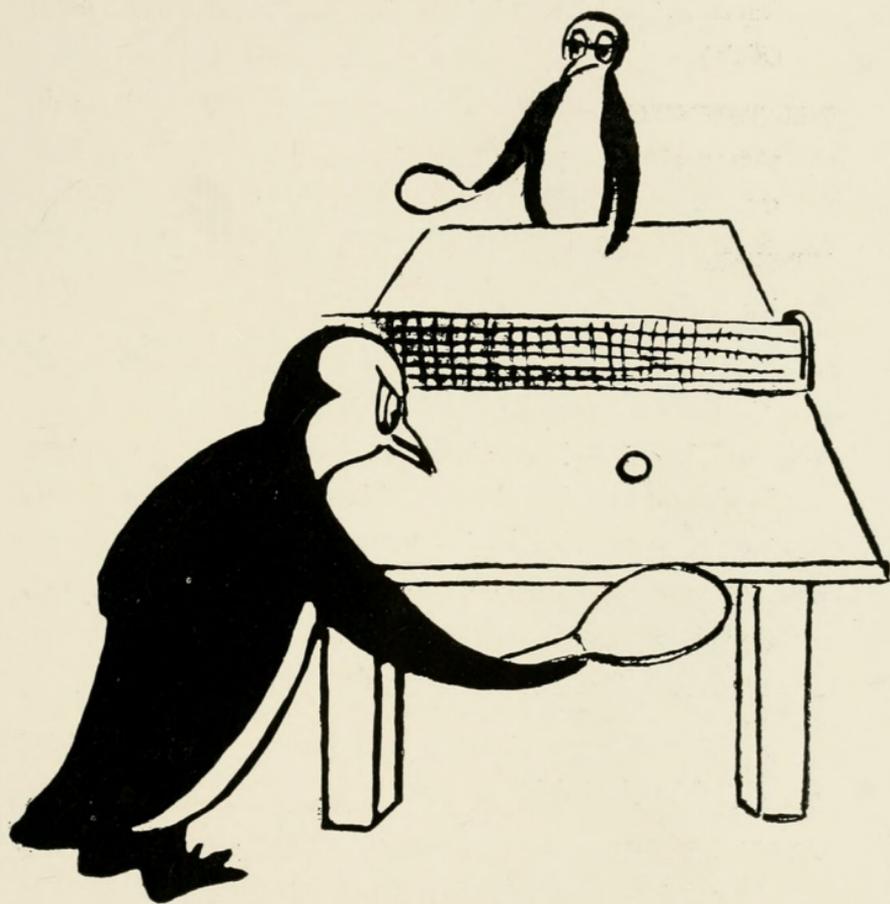


LOUNGE LIZARDS

BY E. GUANA

Cast back in your memory for the place saved for the ironically named "lounge." As we remember it, it was a rather large squarish room with chairs, a table, frayed magazines, and a sticky green ping-pong table. In this "recreation room," people could be found in attitudes ranging from utter dejection to frenzied activity. During the noon hour Peggy Maduro could generally be seen with a large butterfly net chasing the ping-pong balls, while Esther Miller swung gently from the chandelier, writing shorthand. Villegas, Typaldos, and Sosa beat out a voodoo rhythm on the table, while Brugge and Considine did an abandoned dance. In those days Kay Boni and Roxy Stewart played a snappy game of badminton with the dictionary. You remember the time when, after an extremely active day, the janitor found Eleanor Sullivan tightly wedged in the waste basket. She's never been quite the same; in fact, it took a whole week for her to learn how to walk on her feet again. And remember, too, the unusually cold day, when we warmed ourselves in front of the bonfires that were gleefully built by the foremost pyromaniac of J.C., Barbara Williams. Robert Beland carried on a feud on the blackboard, and gave vent to his anger by scrawling scathing remarks and drawing distorted figures! Students never realized that all the clocks were not synchronized and, as a result, a mild stampede was enacted when the bell rang.

Yes, we do remember a large squarish room, where people could be found in attitudes ranging from dejection to frenzied activity. If only time could turn back in its wild flight!



INSIDE FACTS

By YEHUDI

ANA ARIAS solves her language difficulty by blithely using Spanish words when she can't think them up in English. Know what "cucaracha" and "mercado" mean? (Poor harassed Dr. Prentiss didn't.)

BILL TOWNSEND makes some extra money by making use of his photographic ability. He takes pictures at dances, picnics, parties, etc.....

VIRGIINIA KEENAN'S dates are the newest things. She does all (?) her homework early and by 11 p.m. is ready to go out. This way she can forget all about homework and enjoy herself thoroughly.

VERNON DETTOR is one fellow who can't be beat for modesty. Don't *ever* walk into the chem. lab. store-room without the ole warning cough, girls, because Vernon works sans shirt.

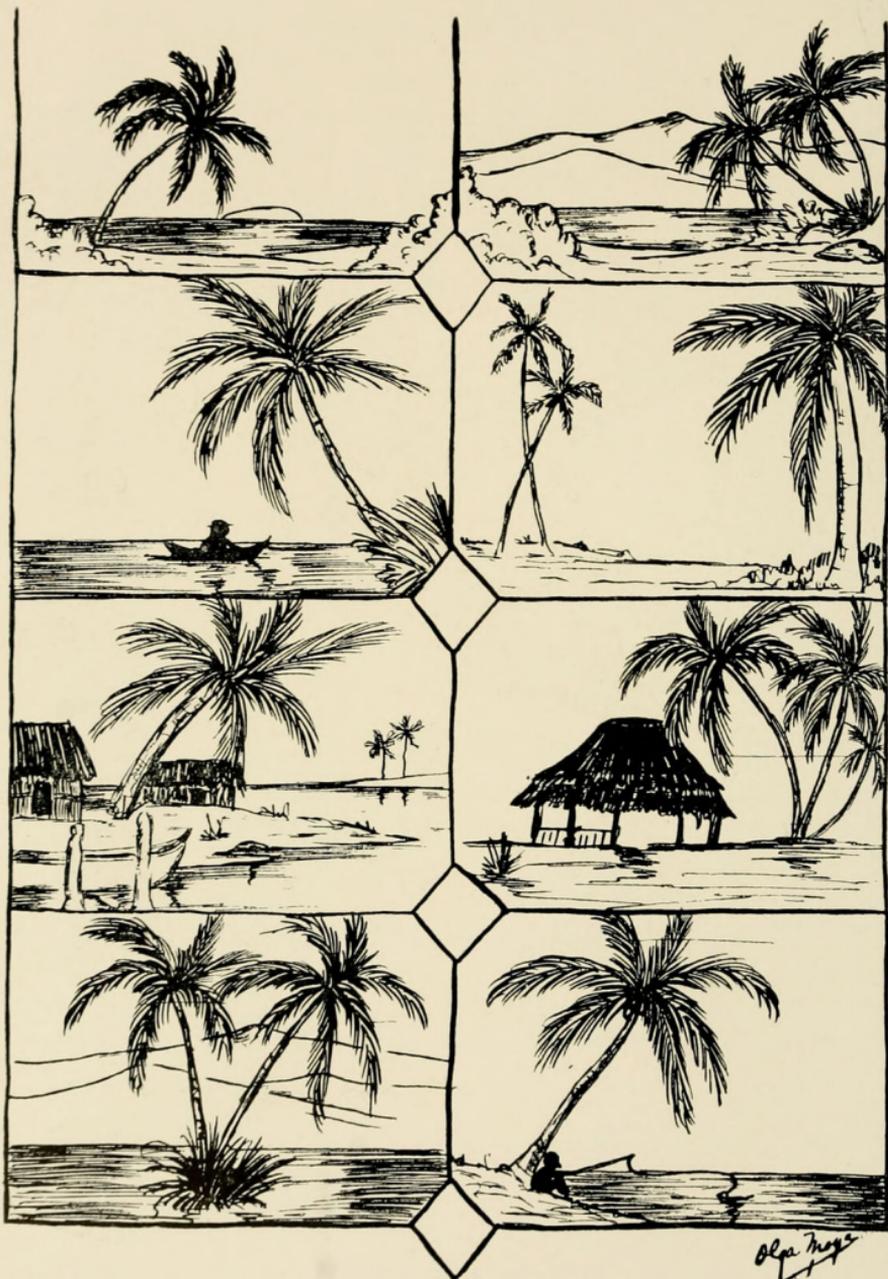
MARGARET CONSIDINE is a whiz at that harmonica of hers. You ought to hear her get hep!!

FRED BRUGGE and PAUL RUNYAN invite girls to the clubhouse and then each gets himself a tall, handsome glass of good old H₂O. The girls? Ask Reds Keenan.

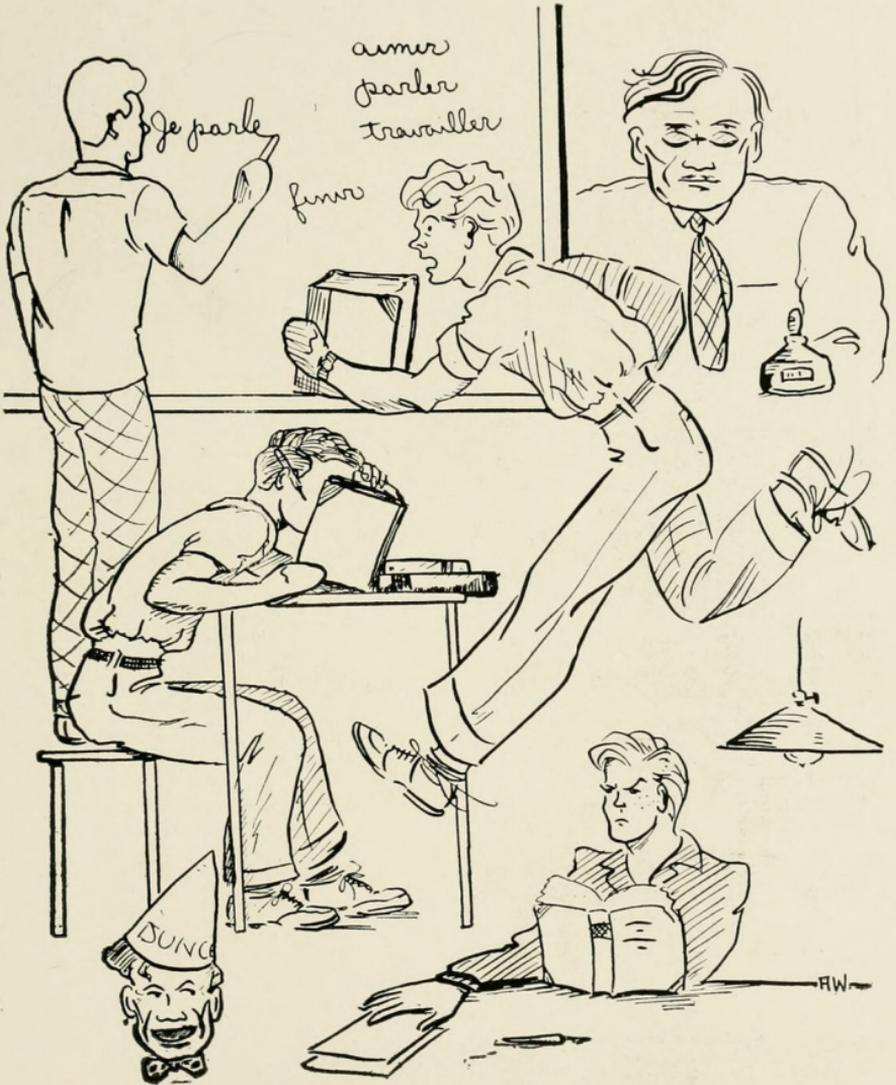
ADRIAN BOUCHÉ, that tall, mangly—pardon, manly—S. A. president, raises—guess what?—*orchids* in his spare time!

PHILIPA ROSALES certainly has one boy friend in a million, 'cause he calls her up every noon—not once, but twice. It's got so none of the dorm girls bother to run when the 'phone rings at 12 or 12:30. "Longhead" should pay the monthly bill.





Olga Meyer





Ballet practice



Washed up



Haitian Navy



¡Qué feos!



Anna



In This Corner



Beauty Respite



Necking??



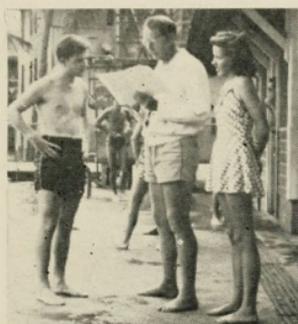
Ticks?



Did something slip?



Bubble dancer



End of the day



China doll

All present?



Commando



Captain



And for today—

Lobo !! *page 75*



Leaning Tower



of p's o



Conference

Let's see —

Tower



← Mr. + Mrs.

Stenos
Old + New →



GRADUATES, OTHER FORMER STUDENTS, AND
FORMER FACULTY MEMBERS OF CZCJ IN THE
ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES
OR ITS ALLIES

1. Margaret Alley, ex '37, Army Nurses' Corps
- * 2. Frederick E. Banan, '35
- * 3. Stuart Barber, ex '44
- * 4. James Bastion, '40 (Killed in action, September, 1942)
- * 5. Richard Beall, ex '42 (Royal Canadian Air Force)
- ** 6. John Boyes, ex '40
- ** 7. Robin Boyes, ex '40
- * 8. James Bunker, '40
- ** 9. Martin Casey, ex '40
- * 10. Jack Chapin, ex '40
11. Winter Collins, '39
12. Donald Dargue, ex '41
13. John de Camp, ex '40
14. Bruce Edgerton, ex '38
- ** 15. Frank Fitzpatrick, '36
- ** 16. John Gilder, ex '43
17. William Robert Guthrie, X '41
- ** 18. William Haas, ex '43
- ** 19. William Jones, ex '37
- ** 20. Burton Kline, X '42
21. Lester Lampman, X '42
22. Warren Ludlum, ex '43
23. Paul Mann, X '41 (R)
- * 24. Robert McCormack, '39
- * 25. Robert C. Malahy, X '42
- * 26. Thomas Malone, ex '39 (R)
27. Otis C. Myers, '42

- ** 28. Walter Muller, '40
- 29. Eugene Oesterle, X '42
- 30. William Ovalle, '39
- ** 31. Roy Phillips, ex '41
- 32. Arthur Pirisky, ex '39
- * 33. Lawrence Rankl, X '42
- 34. Francis Rundell, ex '41
- 35. Eugene Saphir, '36
- * 36. William Sherlock, '42
- * 37. Jack Siler, ex '41
- ** 38. Walter Sims, ex '39
- ** 39. James Spalding, '38
- 40. Leslie W. Stefanech, X '42
- ** 41. Robert E. Van Sicken, ex '40
- ** 42. Raymond Welch, ex '37
- * 43. Russell E. Wells, '41
- ** 44. Harry Wertz, ex '37
- ** 45. Robert E. Wertz, '43
- 46. Howard Wilcox, X '43
- * 47. Chester Wine, '40
- ** 48. Burton Wright, '43 (E)

FACULTY

Herbert Crowley, Captain, Army

Dr. George Howard, Captain, Army

Max Franklin, Captain, Army

* Air Force

** Navy

EX Former student, who would have graduated in this class
had he remained in college.

E Now enrolled in Junior College.

X Part-time student in the year mentioned.

R No longer in the armed service.

(Extension division students not included.)

EXTRACTS FROM RECENT LETTERS TO MR. HACKETT
FROM EX-STUDENTS AND ALUMNI

From William Sherlock, president of the class of 1942, now at San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center, Texas:

"I have been classified as a Pilot and am moving to Pre-Flight School tomorrow afternoon for the first 9 weeks of my training. During my stay here in the Classification Center I have been appointed a Flight Lieutenant. I am in charge of a barracks of 90 men. Our training here is chiefly physical. We drill for 3 hours daily and have physical training for 4 hours. This clean life is beginning to show up, as I have picked up 8 pounds since I've been here.

You might be interested in knowing that Warren Ludlum¹ is now in Pre-Flight training at Maxwell Field, Alabama."

From Donald Dargue, ex '41, now at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, New York:

"During my two and a half years here at the Military Academy, I have regretted more and more not having taken more advantage of the courses I studied at the Junior College. A little greater effort there on my part would have paid dividends many times over in the academic work here. May I suggest that you strongly impress future J. C. students who aspire to West Point with the importance of putting out there—They'll never regret it.

"In view of the fact that the course here has been shortened from the usual four years to three because of the war, "Bud" Rundell and I will be graduated on the coming June 1st instead of in 1944. Of course our training has been condensed considerably and we are con-

sequently *very* busy. Last summer a new phase of training was incorporated in the curriculum in the form of flying instruction. Bud and I were among those qualified for this training, and naturally we jumped at the opportunity. We are receiving the regular course of instruction given all Army Force pilot candidates, and just two weeks ago entered upon the advanced phase of our flying training. When we graduate in June, we shall receive not only our commissions as second lieutenants, but also our wings denoting the rating of pilot. We both hope to be piloting Flying Fortresses or their equivalent in the not too distant future. I, particularly, have a score to settle with a race of little yellow people far across the Pacific, and I intend to do it to the very best of my ability.³"

1. Ex-student, 1941-42.
2. Francis Rundell, ex '41.
3. General H. A. Dargue was killed in 1942, in an airplane accident in the western part of the United States. He was on a military mission.





CASUALTY

(A mother speaks across her son's grave.)

BY AUGUSTA WONG

This was my son, this was my only son,
Who proudly rose and should'ring his bright gun
Went gallantly to war;
These were the bones I clad in cooling silk,
And sweetly nourished with my mother's milk,
And shielded from all jar.

I did not bear my son to fall beneath
The crushing hammer, or the bloody teeth
Of some unfeeling foe.
I wanted him to laugh, to love, to rise
To glorious heights, to touch the friendly skies,
And, satisfied, to go.

But here he lies, bereft of all his strength,
Beneath this barren plot he lies, full length,
Unsmiling. I regret
They cut him down before his able hands
Could piece his life together, ere the strands
Of his existence met.

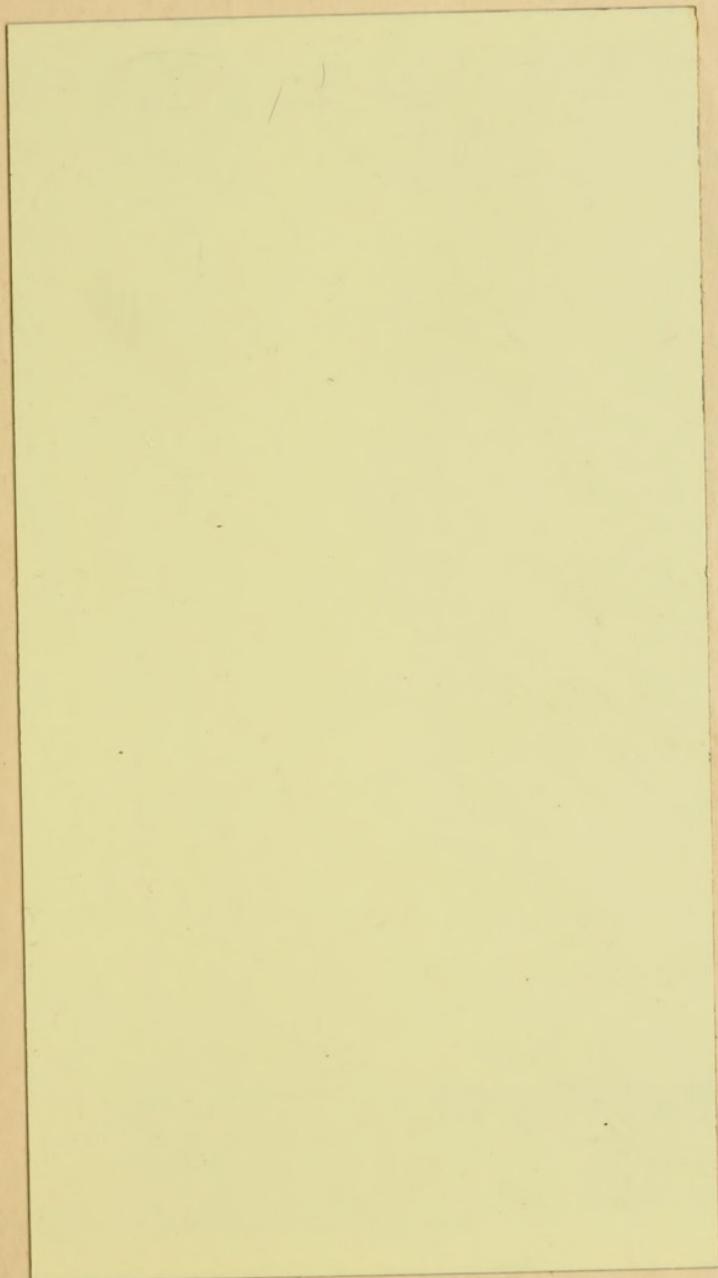
Yet I am glad he went. He went to save
Our world from utter ruin. Yes, he gave
His life for his belief.
Had he not gone, I would have cursed his name,
Abhorred the sight of him, cried out, "For shame!"
And died in my sick grief.

This was my son, my gentle, smiling boy,
Who grew so fast he left behind his toy
For war, that bigger game.
But other boys will soon avenge your death
With swinging sword, with lusty shout, with breath.
Like some devouring flame.

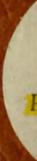
So rest, dear one, in peaceful slumber rest,
Beneath this soil. The Gods have thought it best
That you, my son, should die.
So for the moment let them hide from view
Your smiling mouth your shining eyes of blue,
And for awhile good-bye—



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